TWO

LYRICK EPISTLES,

OR

Margery the Cook-maid to the CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

[Price One Shilling.]

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Mr. Gray's Cook-maid to the CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

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Margery the Cook-maid to the CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

I write a fad hand but my Sifter Margery ſhe writes better.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1762.

V. CRITICAL REVIEW for December 1761. Article, Fables for grown Gentlemen.

P. 461. If the *poor Highlanders Backſide*, be bound in chains, we think he has ſome reaſon to complain. If the Author himſelf was like a Monkey chained to the chimney corner by the Backſide, he might afford ſome diverſion to Margery the Cook-maid, but it is to be ſuppoſed he would not much reliſh the reſtraint.

MARGERY

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

BY the Backſide! good Lack, good Lack!
Chain'd to the chimney corner like a Monkey,
You are as ſpiteful as a Black;
That has been drinking drink for drunky.

I think I ſee my Maſter leap and ſkip;
And whiſk about his Tail;
Juſt like a pinnace when ſhe makes a trip,
And whiſks about her Sail.

So

So have I ſeen a Highlander retire
And turn about to court the Wind,
Shot by a Cinder leaping from the Fire
Amongſt his precious parts behind.

Laugh! no he need not be afraid,
Though 'twould be comical no doubt;
To ſee him ſquatting like a Maid;
And making water like a Spout.

But I ſhould laugh at you Reviewers,
If I could view your Buttocks bare,
Genteelly truſs'd and pink'd with Skewers,
And nicely larded like a Hare.
Nay I could wiſh,
To ſee your Backſides Sing'd and Flead,
Juſt like your favourite diſh,
A ſingged hede:
To ſmell them Savoury and Reeky,
Like Cocky Leaky.

And as your Cook at a Smith's Forge,
Gives the fine flavour of the Wool,
To a Sheep's Skull,
Which makes you Eat 'till you Regorge;

So, the Communication is fo great,
Between your Brains and your Backfide,
Between the Seat;
Of Lazyneſs and Seat of Pride.

That tho' the Brains, of all you Jokers,
Never ſtruck Fire, into a ſingle Joke,
Yet if your Bums, were ſing'd with Pokers,
Your Brains perhaps, might yield a little Smoke.

Spite of your heavy Jokes,
That fall upon the Head;
Like Apoplectick Strokes,
Or Pigs of Lead.

We'll Laugh, to ſee your Highland Sparks,
Your Highland breeding, and Good Manners,
To ſee them, ſtrut about the Parks,
With Shirts diſplay'd behind, like Banners.

Shewing our Maids, and Modeſt Wives,
Such Modeſt Sights,
As make their Huſbands, weary of their Lives,
They make them paſs, ſuch reſtleſs Nights.

Our Lovers ſicken, and deſpair,
Dejection, preys upon our Beaux;
The Expectations of our Fair,
Are Rais'd ſo highly; by ſuch ſhews.

The Indians I'm told, are more Polite,
They don't produce their brawny Powers,
They only ſhew their Powers by Candle Light,
Amongſt their favourite Squaws, at certain Hours.

Good Sirs, if I aright can Read,
You are deſign'd for Books,
Juſt as your Friends, beyond the Tweed,
For Gardeners and Cooks.

Your Pride, and Lazyneſs I Gueſs,
Diſorder and Torment your Minds,
And bring your Country to Diſtreſs;
For want of Labourers and Hinds,

I think like you, it is a Shame,
That it's beſt Blood, ſhould now be Bleeding;
And Blame,
The Government, for ſuch Proceeding.

I would have ſent the very Worſt,
I would have ſent you all a Packing;
You ſhould have gone, the very Firſt,
You're good enough, for a good Thwacking.

But I am weary of Inditing,
Such Letters;
And ſo I take my leave of Writing;
And leave you to my Betters.

Epiſtle

Epiſtle the Second.

YOU who aſſemble in Diſguiſe;
And take your ſtands in ſecret Places,
Spitting into our Mouths and Eyes,
With a pretence to waſh our Faces!

But when you ſpie a Scotchman W lking,
His Air and Manner is ſo Pleaſing,
That you immediately leave Hawking,
And offer him a pickle of your Sneeſing.

I do not want to rob you of your Snuff,
Give it your Countrymen, it likes me Well,

But do not fright us, like Macduff,
Calling aloud, to ring the alarum Bell,
Suſpend your purulence, ſwallow your Spittle,
And liſten to an Engliſhman a little.

You know you ſpit at us, and hawk and Cough
As if you had a Charter,
And alſo know we wipe it meekly off,
Like Charles the bleſſed Martyr.

Whilſt you go on abuſe and Rail,
As if we were not Fellow Creatures,
Laying about you like a Flail,
And bruiſing all our Engliſh Features:

If we poor Engliſhmen but ſmile,
It is high Treaſon,
Tho' we are ſmiling all the while
Both with good nature and good Reaſon,

Not throwing dirt at a whole Nation*
But laughing at the folly of a few,
Whoſe prejudice and Affectation
Become them Juſt as they do You.

As if they were a Choſen Race,
Clear and exempted by their Birth;
From all the Vices that Diſgrace,
All other Children of the Earth.

I very readily Excuſe,
Your want of Complaiſance
To my ſtrange Muſe.
Dreſs'd in the careleſs dreſs of France,
A la Fontaine
A Slattern but quite Plain.

---

* According to the Reviewers the greateſt pleaſure that the whole Engliſh Nation enjoys, is to ſee their bretheren of North Britain in their Theatres, repreſented as a parcel of Scoundrels.

Accord-

According to your Notions,
You muſt diſlike the flimſy Wench.
Her Dreſs and all her Motions
Are ſo intolerably French;
* A Graceleſs Copy of a Graceleſs Hobler,
Juſt like a Gouty Shoe made by a Cobler.

You think the Bagpipes notes are Sweeter
Than any Pipe or any String;
The Aſs preferr'd the Cuckow's ſong and Metre,
To all the Warblers of the Spring,
Either the Organs or the Soul
Of you *and Aſſes are ſo drole.*†

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* The Reviewers ſay that the Verſes in the Fables for grown Gentlemen hobble ſtrangely, from fourteen to two ſyllables: that may partly be owing to their want of Ears; they muſt have the ſame objection to Fontaine.

† Lyrick Epiſtles to the Reviewers.

Your Ignorance and want of *Senſe*
Your want of Ears I do Forgive;
But unprovok'd Malevolence,
I'll never pardon whilſt I Live,
Such your attempt to prove me to the North
A Foe to it's acknowledg'd worth.

In every Country I deſpiſe
A Heart that's Arrogant and Narrow,
As much as I eſteem and prize
David Hume and David's Marrow.
Now to Conclude,
I am yours Reviewing or Review'd.

But as my Fables are not to your liking,

The Aſs the Cuckow and the Lark.

Witneſs the Fable of laſt Year,
I ſend you ſomething that's more Striking
Conciſe and Clear,
I think you call it in your Brogue
An Apologue.

The

The Apologue.

SOME Folks get no more by their Reading
And Meditations;
Than Apes and Monkeys by their Breeding
And Obſervations:
This I agree,
May be apply'd either to You or Me.

The Fable that comes after,
Can only be apply'd to You,
If it excites a little Laughter,
It anſwers all my View.

An Ape by trade an Imitator
Had ſpent the beſt part of his Days;
Like a Reviewer or Tranſlator
Of Farces Interludes and Plays,
For ever Copying and Itching
To ſhew his talents in the Kitchen.
He would divert you if you were not Nice,
And difficult to Pleaſe
By cracking Lice,
And catching Fleas;
Which he would Chaw,
And cram into a Kitten's Maw.

In Short,

Jacko had ſtudy'd many a Trick,
Which tricks inſtead of making Sport;
Would oft'ner make you Sick:
Yet he would make you now and then;
Laugh like the Fooliſheſt of Men.

The Cook-maid by the Fire was faſt aſleep,
No kind of harm ſuſpecting,
Jacko the Ape was playing at bopeep,
Reviewing and Reflecting,
Whether from Liquor or from Whim,
The Cook-maid layd in a ſtrange trim.

Hard by a Razor left upon a Chair,
By Jackanapes was quickly Seiz'd,
The Cook-maid's Beard expos'd and Bare,
The grinning Villain rub'd and greas'd;

Then ſnap'd his Fingers and look'd grave,
Flouriſh'd his Razor and began to Shave.

Jacko proceeded, without dread,
Chatter'd and did not care a Fig;
Poor Margery was hack'd, and Bled;
Like an aſſaſſinated Pig.

Rous'd by her pains like frantick Sleepers,
She ſnatch'd a pan of boiling Broth,
Bubbling and running o'er with Froth,
And threw it into Jacko's Peepers:
Which blinded him and ſpoil'd him paſt all Cure
Both for a Shaver and Reviewer.

11. 7. 49.

F I N I S.